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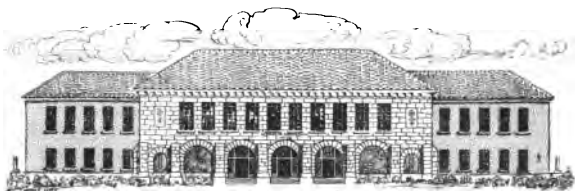
Santa Rosa Stories Washington

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By
Jessie R. Smith
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SANTA ROSA REPRODUCTION STORIES

The Story of Washington

ILLUSTRATED BY CHILDREN

BY
JESSIE R. SMITH
AUTHOR OF "FOUR TRUE STORIES," ETC.

Revised Edition

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

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By WILLIAM BEVERLEY HARISON
NEW YORK

TO TEACHERS

This book is to be read by children, not to them.

Fifty years ago, the only tool used by the teacher in teaching reading was the school lesson-book. Since that time, the problem, both in means and purpose, has greatly broadened. The modern teacher has several ends in view and finds use for a variety of tools. In the first preliminary steps of teaching technique, the process is probably a more or less mechanical one, and the teacher still finds use for the reading-book. But once this initiation is accomplished, she finds herself in need of a variety of different

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books. She wants stories of intrinsic interest to children, which may be either read or related, for the purpose of introducing the children to literature, myth, history, and science. When he has reached his fifth school year, and generally not until then, under present rates of progress, the child is able to read such stories for himself. To meet this need, the market now offers a liberal assortment of serviceable books. But between the first-year period and this later period, there exists at present a gap, both in the child's ability to read and in the market supply of books which he can read. The child, during these years, is hungering for stories, especially for "true" stories, and some mothers and teachers try to meet the demand by reading and telling. This is well and good, but it is clear that if this

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inborn craving could be met by books, framed in language of such limited vocabulary and construction that the child in the second and third years of school could understand, and of such intrinsic interest that his attention would constantly be invited to the story rather than to the form of print, a valuable tool would be offered. Rapidity in learning to read depends upon the quantity of material read and upon the quickness with which the child's attention shall be drawn to the substance by which the process is made more or less an unconscious one. The market supply of such books is painfully weak. Those that we have are chiefly the result of the attempt of some adult to project himself into the mind and vocabulary of a child, and such attempts have not been fruitful of much success.

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This book is designed to meet this end. It is practically written by children. Miss Smith's purpose has been that of a faithful chronicler of children's language, mode of expression, and the lines of their plot interest. In this purpose she has had the advantage of a natural sympathy and instinctive "rapport" with the child mind and impulses, that, so far as my experience speaks, few persons possess. The method of the book's production has been as follows: she first related to her pupils, who were from seven to nine years of age, the story of the hero in the best form her instincts could dictate. Some days later, after the story, its form of presentation, and language have somewhat "settled" in the children's minds, she has called for reproductions, both oral and in written form, allowing the pupils also to

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illustrate their written work in any way they pleased. She has then made these reproductions the material for most careful study as to essential elements of plot, salient points of interest, and especially the words and forms of expression used by the children. By this means the story has been reconstructed. Portions over which the children love to linger are brought out to the fullest extent. Their words and forms of language, within the limit of grammatical usage, are followed scrupulously. Much care has been used to keep the stories within a limited vocabulary. Less than 750 different words are used in the entire series, and these, excepting the necessary geographical names, are all of the commonest use among children.

The practical idea upon which the plan

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is based is, therefore, that if there are points of interest and description which particularly and uniquely attract children, these will be the points which will be most forcibly impressed upon children's minds when they hear the story related; and further, of these points, the strongest will be the ones best remembered when the children reproduce the story. By using a comparatively large number of these reproductions, Miss Smith has gleaned the common points of interest as well as the common forms of expression. The method is therefore unique. Without attempting to formulate any principles or a philosophy of children's interests, Miss Smith has simply sought to draw the material from the child himself.

FREDERICK BURK.

THE STORY OF WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON AS A BOY.

WHEN George Washington was a little boy, he lived in Virginia. His home was near the Potomac river.

George had a big brother named Laurence.

Laurence was a soldier, and he told George fine stories. George wanted to be soldier, too. But Laurence said: "You are too small. You must wait until you are a man."

George did not like that. He said: "I want to be a soldier right now."

So he played with the boys at school. At recess, he would get his sword and call: "Fall in! Fall in!"

Then the boys would run and get in line. They would march up and down the road.

The boys thought this was great fun.

Sometimes they would have a battle. One side had cornstalks and the other side had broomsticks for guns. George was the best captain, and his side always won.

THE STORY OF WASHINGTON.



THE BOYS PLAY SOLDIERS AT RECESS

(PHILIP REDMOND—age, 12.)

One day George's father gave him a new hatchet. It had a pretty red handle. George was very proud of his new hatchet. He went around cutting everything. He said he wanted to see how sharp it was.

By and by, he came to the orchard. His father had a fine young cherry-tree there.

George saw the tree, and said: "I wonder if my hatchet can cut this tree?"

He looked and looked at the tree. Then he felt the edge of the hatchet. He shook his head and said: "No; I guess it is n't sharp enough."

But he thought he would try it anyway.

At the first blow, the tree fell down.

THE STORY OF WASHINGTON.

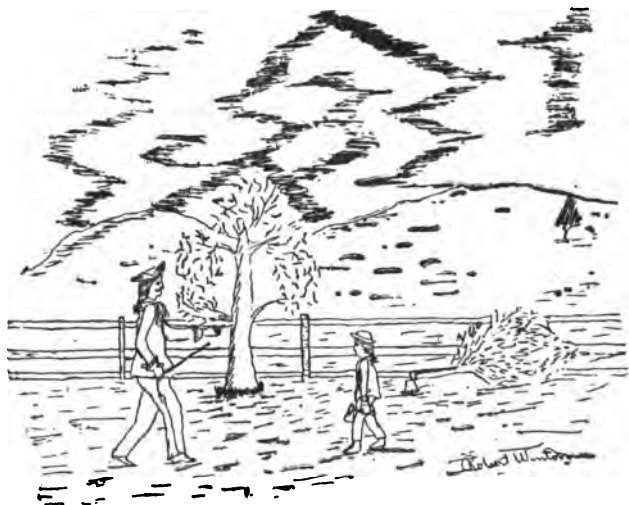
Now, poor George felt very sorry. He did not know what to do.

He tried to set it up again, but it would not stay. So he picked up his hatchet, and went to the house.

After a while his father went out to look at his cherry-tree. He saw it lying on the ground.

He said: "What is the matter with my tree? Some one must have cut it. I will ask George about it."

So he called, "George! George! Come here."



GEORGE AND THE CHERRY-TREE.

(ROBERT WINTON—age, 12.)

George came, and his father said: "Look at my cherry-tree. It is dead. Do you know who cut it?"

THE STORY OF WASHINGTON.

"I did," said George.

"Why did you do it?" said his father.

"I was trying my new hatchet. I wanted to see how sharp it was. I didn't think it would hurt the tree."

"Well," said his father, "it was a fine tree. I am sorry to lose it, but I am glad my boy has told me the truth."

When George was eleven years old his father died. His mother took care of the farm. She had a very fine colt.

One morning, George and Laurence went into the field to see the colt. Some other boys went with them.

George said: "I guess I will ride the colt."

But Laurence said: "No; you must not. It will throw you off."

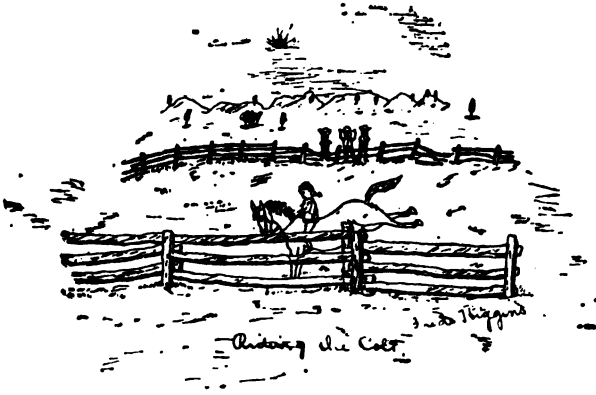
"Boys," said George, "if you will catch him, I will ride him."

Laurence said: "No; don't you do it. You will get hurt."

But George would not listen, and said: "Go on, boys; I am not afraid."

So they chased the colt up into a corner. They threw the bridle over his head. Then George jumped upon his back. The poor colt was so frightened. No one had ever been upon it before. It ran and jumped and kicked. It tried and tried to throw George off, but he held on very tight. Then it gave a big jump and fell down. The boys

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GEORGE RIDES THE COLT.
(FRED. HIGGINS—age, 12.)

tried to get it up, but the colt was dead. It had broken a blood-vessel.

Poor George said: "I am so sorry. But I will go and tell my mother."

The boys went home. George and Laurence went to the house. Their mother said: "Well, boys, I saw you in the field. How is the colt this morning?"

"It is dead," said George.

"Dead!" said his mother. "Who killed it?"

"I did," said George.

"You! Why, how could you kill it?" said his mother.

Then George told her all about it.

At first his mother was angry. Then she said: "I would rather lose the colt than have my boy tell a story."

IN THE WOODS.

GEORGE went to school until he was sixteen. Then he went to see his brother.

Laurence had a pretty home. It was on the bank of the Potomac river. He called it Mt. Vernon.

One day George threw a stone clear across the river. He was the only boy who could throw so far.

By and by, he went to survey some land. He took one man with him. This land was away out in the woods.

George had to ride over rough roads and climb steep hills. Some of the streams were so deep that his horse had to swim across.



GEORGE GOES SURVEYING.
(PHILIP REDMOND—age, 12.)

George and the man worked hard all day. They measured the land with a long chain.

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At night they did n't know what to do. They had no place to sleep. There was n't a house in the woods.

So they built a big fire. Then they made a bed of leaves. One night the leaves caught fire. George was fast asleep, but the man woke up.

He jumped up and called: "George! George! Get up. You 'll burn up!"

But George did not move.

Then the man shook him.

George opened his eyes, and said: "What do you want?"

"Get up quick," said the man; "the bed is on fire!"

George got up, and they put out the fire. They had a good laugh about it. Then they went back to bed.

They shot birds and deer for food. They put the meat on a stick, and cooked it over a fire.

The first day, the man said: "Dinner is ready. Please hand me the plates."

"Plates!" said George. "You know we have n't any."

"Yes; we have," said the man.

"Where are they?" said George.

"See that tree. Well, take this ax and cut some chips. They will do for plates."

"They will be fine," said George, "and we won't have to wash them."

One day a band of Indians came along.

They said: "How do you do, white men? Do you live here?"

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"Yes," said George; "sit down and stay a while."
So they sat down before the fire. George gave them something to eat.

Then the chief said: "We will dance for the white men."



INDIANS DANCING FOR GEORGE.
(LEE TURNER—age, 11.)

First they made a drum. They took a pot that was half-full of water. Then they put a skin over it.

One of them drummed, and the others danced around and around. Then they yelled and shot their arrows.

George thought that they were very strange. They were the first Indians he ever saw.

He talked with them a long time. They showed him how they fought in war. They hid behind trees and rocks, and shot with their bows and arrows.

George lived in the woods for three years. Then he went back to his home at Mt. Vernon.

FIGHTING THE FRENCH AND INDIANS.

THE French people lived in one part of America ; the English people lived in another part. They both wanted the land lying along the Ohio river.

The Indians wanted this land, too. They said : "The land is ours. We were here first."

The French people said : "You help us. We are your friends."

"What will you do?" said the Indians.

"We will drive the English away. Then all the land will be ours," said the French.

"That is a good plan," said the Indians, "and we will all help you."

So the French built a fort on the Ohio river.

This made the English very angry. They said : "That is our land. The French have no right there. Let us fight."

The governor of the English said : "No; not yet. I will tell them they must go away."

"They won't go," said the people.

"Then we will fight them," said the governor.

So he sent for George Washington. He said to him : "Some French people are on our land. Will you go to see them for me?"

"Yes," said Washington. "What shall I do?"

The governor said : "Tell them the land is ours. They must go away, or we will fight them."

The next day Washington set out for the fort. He took one white man and some friendly Indians with him.

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He dressed himself like an Indian. They all carried guns.

When they got to the fort, the French people said: "No; we will not give up this land."

"But it is ours," said Washington.

They said: "We have come here to stay. If the English people do not like it, they will have to fight."

Then Washington started back to Virginia.

The Frenchmen told the Indian guide to kill Washington, if he could. So, one day, the Indian shot at Washington, but did not hurt him.



THE INDIAN GUIDE SHOTS AT WASHINGTON.

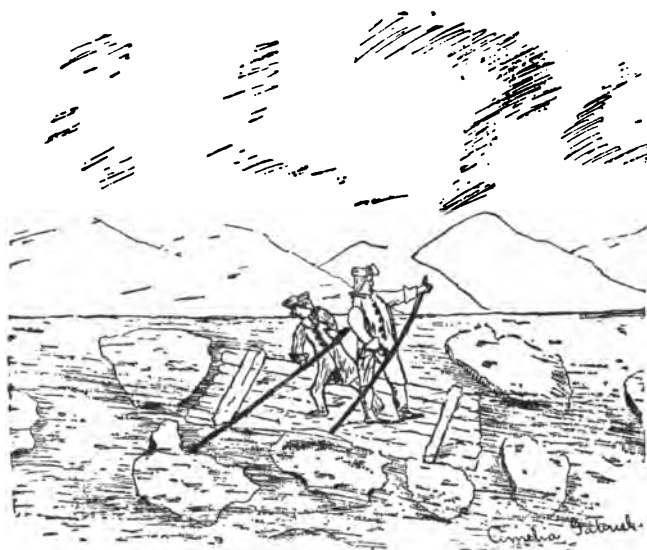
(FRED. HIGGINS—age, 12.)

After that, Washington and the white man left the Indian. They went on by themselves.

By and by, they came to a river. It was full of big blocks of ice.

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They made a raft and pushed it along with poles. Washington's pole slipped, and he fell into the water. He had to swim to the shore.



CROSSING ON A RAFT.
(AMELIA GABRIEL—SEC. 18.)

The man said: "Let us stay here to-night. I will make a fire. Then you can get dry."

But the wood was too wet to burn. So they went on. They walked all night.

By and by, they came to Virginia. Washington told the governor what the Frenchmen said.

The governor said: "All right; we will fight them. The land is ours, and we will have it."

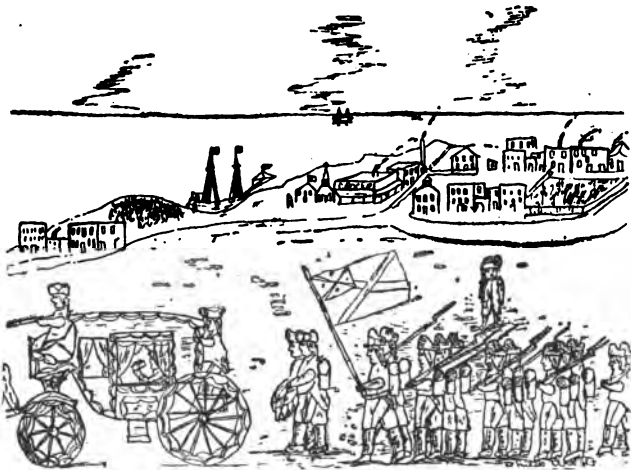
IN BATTLE.

THE king of England sent over a fine army. Their leader was General Braddock.

The governor made Washington captain of a little army. He sent him with Braddock to fight the French.

Braddock's army were good soldiers. They wore bright red coats.

Washington's men had never been to war. But they knew how to fight the Indians.



BRADDOCK RIDES TO WAR.

(PHILIP WRIGHT—age, 11.)

The soldiers looked very fine as they marched away.

All the people stood on the sidewalk to watch

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them go by. Drums were beating and flags were flying.

General Braddock rode in a fine carriage. His officers rode on horseback. Then came a long line of soldiers in red coats.

Soon they came to the woods. Now, there were no roads. They had to go along paths. They cut down trees and built bridges to cross the rivers.

Braddock was very proud of his army. He said to Washington: "See my fine soldiers. It won't take us long to drive the French away."

Washington said: "Yes; they are good soldiers. But they don't know how to fight the Indians. Let my men go first."

"No," said Braddock; "my men must go first. They know how to fight. They are not afraid of the Indians."

"Your men won't see the Indians," said Washington.

"How can they fight us, then?" said Braddock.

"They hide in the woods. They fire from behind trees and rocks," said Washington.

But Braddock would not listen to Washington.

The next day they were near the fort. They had to march up a long hill. Washington again said: "Let my men go first. They are used to the woods and to the Indians."

This made Braddock angry. He was an old soldier. He thought he knew more than Washington.

He said: "No; my men must go first."

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So on they went. Everything was very quiet.

All at once they heard the war-cry of the Indians. Then came shot after shot. Indians were behind every tree, shooting and yelling.



Fred Higgins.

FIGHTING THE INDIANS.

(FRED. HIGGINS—age, 12.)

The English soldiers were falling down on every side. The others did not know what to do. They could see no one. They did not know where to fire. They were more afraid of the yelling than of the shots.

Braddock rode in front of his men. He called out, "Keep in line! March up the hill!"

But the soldiers would not move. By and by, poor Braddock was killed. Then Washington

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came up with his men. They did not march in a line. They got behind trees and rocks.

When an Indian put out his head, they fired at him.

Washington rode up and down in front of the army. He had two horses shot under him. Four bullets went through his coat, but he was not hurt.

Washington saved the English army. He kept the French and Indians back, while the English soldiers went home to Virginia.

That night he took his men to Virginia, also.

This war with the French lasted seven years. When it was over, the English had all the land east of the Mississippi river. The French could not live there any longer.

After the war, Washington went back to Mt. Vernon.

THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.

WASHINGTON was glad to be at home again. He wanted to take care of his place. He liked to hunt and fish. He said he did not want to be a soldier any longer.

But soon there was another war. And Washington helped the people.

At this time there were many people in America. Every one was happy. They had cleared the ground. Their homes were good.

But the king of England said: "These colonies

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in America are mine. I must have some of their money."

He thought and thought how he could get it.

Then he said: "I will send over some soldiers. They must pay for them."

The people said: "We are not at war. We do not want any soldiers."

"They will help you keep the French away," said the king.

"But we are not afraid of the French," said the people.

The king sent the soldiers anyway.

Then the people said: "We will not pay for them."

The king said: "Pay the money, or I will take it away from you."

"But," said the people, "you have no right to do that. If you try to take our money, we will fight."

The king sent over men to get the money. But the people would not pay it.

Then the king said: "I will tax them."

He put a tax on many things the people had to buy. The people did not like this. They said: "We will not pay it."

First, the king put a tax on paper. The people said they would not buy any paper.

They sent Benjamin Franklin to England to see the king. He was one of their wise men. They thought the king would listen to him. They did not want to fight the king. England was their old home. They all loved it.

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They said: "We will buy your goods. Your ships may come here. But you must not tax us. We must be free."

But the king would not listen. He wanted their money.

So he said: "Pay your taxes. Then you will be free."

The people said: "No; we will not pay the taxes."

Then the king said: "Every one drinks tea. I will put a tax on it. All the tea must come in English ships."

"We won't use any tea," said the people; "we will drink water."

One day three ships came into Boston. They were loaded with tea. That night the people had a big meeting.

They said: "Shall the tea be landed?"

"No, no," cried the men; "it can't land. We won't pay the taxes on it."

So the ships stayed at the wharf. That night the sailors heard a strange noise.

"What is it?" they said.

But no one knew. They all ran on deck. They saw a great band of Indians on the wharf. They had long feathers in their hair. Their faces were painted. They were dancing and yelling.

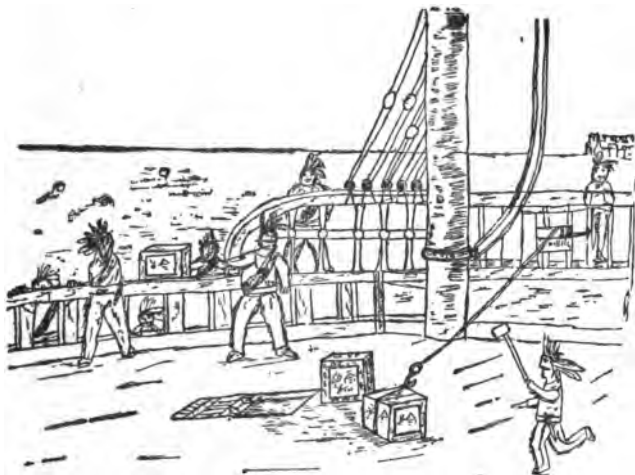
The English sailors were frightened. They had never seen any Indians before. The Indians came nearer and nearer. Now they were on board the ship.

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“What do you want?” cried the sailors.

“Tea, tea, tea!” yelled the Indians.

They soon found the tea. They did not take it on shore, but splash, splash, it went into the water.



THROWING THE TEA OVERBOARD.

(PHILIP WRIGHT—age, 11.)

When the tea was all gone, the Indians left the ship. This time they were not yelling. Their paint and feathers were gone.

The sailors saw that they were not Indians at all. They were Boston men.

The men laughed at the sailors, and said: “Well, now your tea is gone, I guess you can’t make us pay any tax on it.”

“You will see,” said the sailors. “You will have to pay for this.”

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"We are not afraid," said the men.

The next day the ships went back to England. The king was very angry. He said: "I will punish those people. We will have a war."

The people said: "If we have a war, we must have George Washington to help us fight."

So they sent for him. He left his home at Mt. Vernon, and went to Boston. There he took charge of the army.

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

THE king sent over a great many soldiers from England. They were all good soldiers. They wore bright red coats. They had plenty of money.

Washington had only a few men. They had guns but only a little powder. His men were very brave. They all knew how to fight.

One day they were in camp. A soldier said: "Let us put up a mark and shoot at it."

"All right," said the others. So they set up a board. They drew a man's nose on it for a mark. They all shot at it. Sixty of the men hit the nose.

"Well," said Washington, "my men are fine shots."

They laughed and said: "Yes; the English had better look out for their noses."

They had been at war for over a year. Neither side had won.

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SHOOTING AT THE NOSE.

(FRED. HIGGINS—age, 12.)

The king said: "I must win this war." So he sent over a larger army.

The Americans did not know what to do. They did not want to fight forever.

So they had a big meeting at Philadelphia. Men from all the colonies met there.

They said: "Shall we let England rule us?"

"No, no!" cried the men.

"Shall we be friends, and let the king tax us?"

"No, no!" cried the men.

"Well," said they, "shall we be free?"

"Yes, yes!" they all cried.

So the men set to work. They wrote out a paper. It said America is free, and an English king could not rule in America any longer.

THE STORY OF WASHINGTON.

This paper was called the "Declaration of Independence." All the men of the meeting wrote their names on the paper. This was on the Fourth of July. Benjamin Franklin helped to write this paper.

All the people were so happy. They rang bells and fired guns. Flags were flying and bands were playing. Men and boys marched up and down the street.

They cried: "Hurrah! Hurrah! We are free! We are Americans."

That was the first Fourth of July.

Now, every year, we celebrate the day.

The Americans said: "Now we are free, we must not use the English flag." So they made a flag of their own. It was red, white, and blue. There were thirteen little white stars. They were up in a corner, which was blue. Then there were thirteen stripes. They were red and white.

Now, the king thought he did not have enough soldiers. So he sent to Germany and hired some.

One time, those soldiers were camped by the Delaware river. Washington was on the other side. Washington wanted to fight those soldiers. So his army crossed the river in little boats. It was Christmas night. The snow was falling thick and fast. The river was full of great blocks of ice. The boats hit against the ice. They all thought they would be lost.

By and by, they reached the other side. It was very dark, and the wind blew. The snow fell faster

THE STORY OF WASHINGTON.



CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

(PHILIP REDMOND—age, 12.)

and faster. Big drops of hail fell on the poor tired soldiers. It was so cold that two of the men were frozen to death.

Washington and his men marched very quietly.

They soon found the German soldiers. They were all fast asleep.

Washington and his men ran upon them. The noise made the soldiers wake up. They tried to get away. But Washington and his men pointed their guns at them. Washington called out: "Be our prisoners, or we will shoot you."

They cried: "Don't shoot. We will give up."

So Washington took them all prisoners. Then he crossed the river with them.

Washington had a hard time that winter. It

THE STORY OF WASHINGTON.

was so long and cold. The poor men were ragged. Their shoes were worn out. They put cloth around their feet to keep them from freezing.

Washington was always kind to his men. They tried to do their best for him.

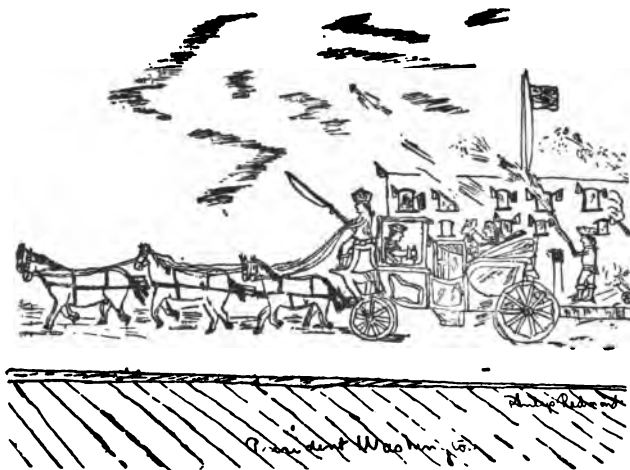
This long war lasted for eight years. But when it was over, America was free. An English king could not rule here any longer.

Washington said: "Now I am through fighting, I will go home." So he went back to Mt. Vernon.

But the people wanted a President.

They said: "We must have the best man in America. Who shall it be?"

"Washington! Washington!" cried the people.



WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT.
(PHILIP REDMOND—age, 12.)

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So he left his home and went to the big city of New York. There he was made President. He rode in a fine carriage. It was drawn by six white horses. The people cheered as he rode along.

Little children sang songs and threw flowers in the street.

Every one was so happy!

Washington was President twice.

Then he went back to Mt. Vernon. He lived only two years longer. Then he died.

Every one loved him. He made America free, and was our first President.

He is called the Father of our Country.



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